The Weekly Museum.

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The HISTORY *of* LOUISA.

[*Concluded.*]

EVERY poſſible enquiry was now made to aſcertain the death of Colonel Layton; but no other account had ever been received by any of his friends, than that which the public papers had given, of his being killed in battle. This was fully ſufficient to ſatisfy William and his family; and if Louiſa ſeemed to expreſs a doubt upon the ſubject, they charged it to unkindneſs, and want of affection for them all.

It was impoſſible long to withſtand their united importunities; and Louiſa at length crowned all their wiſhes, by beſtowing her hand on the deſerving and faithful Selby.—Eaſe and affluence were now her conſtant attendants:

"*Chearfulneſs danced all day before her;*
"*And, at night, ſoft ſlumbers waited on her downy pillow.*"

The lover, huſband, friend, were all united in the generous Selby; and if felicity was ever the lot of mortals, this happy family enjoyed it. Louiſa's now apparent ſituation ſeemed to promiſe an addition to their happineſs, if it could admit increaſe; and they all ſet out to a houſe Mr. Selby had taken in London, on account of Louiſa's approaching accouchement.

I ſhould long have mentioned, that Louiſa had diſcharged the pecuniary part of her obligations to her friendly apothecary in Eſſex; on her marriage, Mr. Selby had preſented him with a bill for one hundred pounds, and now wrote to him to deſire him to come to London, to attend his wife upon a ſimilar occaſion to that in which ſhe had formerly experienced his ſkill and tenderneſs, though he now hoped in a much happier ſituation. ——The good man obeyed the ſummons, and Louiſa was ſafely delivered of a lovely boy.

She had lain-in about ten days, with every proſperous omen of recovery, her fond, her tender huſband ſitting by her bedſide, when a man, with haggard and pale looks, wild ſtaring eyes, and every dreadful mark of madneſs ruſhed into her chamber, and with a hollow voice cried out, *She is my wife, and I will die beſide her.*—The more than terrified Louiſa could only ſay, "It is, it is my huſband"—and ſunk upon her pillow.—What now were Selby's feelings! the ſtranger's madneſs ſeemed contagious—he flung himſelf between his dear Louiſa and the frantic wretch, who ſtruggled to embrace her; they fell together; and in their fall, a piſtol which the Colonel had concealed, went off, and wounded Selby in the ſide.—They leaped upon their feet—and Selby then ſnatched a ſword which hung within his reach, and buried it in the other's boſom. By this time the family were alarmed, and ruſhed together into the chamber, to behold a ſcene of complicated horror.—She only was inſenſible to all the miſeries around her, nor could they call her back to reaſon though ſhe returned to life in ſtrong convulſions, and expired, in a few hours, a hapleſs victim to her only error, the having ventured to confide too far in him who had ſo cruelly betrayed her.

When they attempted to draw the ſword from Colonel Layton's wound, his life-blood ſeemed to follow it; he therefore begged that they would let it reſt till he made the ſole atonement then in his power. He recapitulated all his crimes, and ſaid, that from the moment in which he abandoned Louiſa he had carried a burning hell within his boſom; that he had ſought for death to free him from his torments, but that, though left for dead upon the field of battle, he had recovered in his own deſpight; and upon hearing of Lady Morton's death, he had determined to ſeek out Louiſa, and make her all the reparation in his power; but he was then taken priſoner by the Turks, only ſet at liberty within that year. But, on his return to England, finding his Louiſa married to Mr. Selby, he had grown quite frantic, and reſolved to expiate his offences by dying before her; and for that purpoſe came prepared with a piſtol.—He acquitted Mr. Selby of his death, and, imploring mercy, pulled forth the weapon from his breaſt, and died.

The wound which Mr. Selby had received from the piſtol was not dangerous; but his dear wife's death had ſealed his doom. The complicated agonies of his mind threw him into a fever, from which he wiſhed not to recover. He expired in a few days, and his laſt figh breathed forth Louiſa's name.

The TRIUMPH *of* NATURE; *or, the Adventure of a* JOURNEY.

THE Archer's melancholy month had already announced Winter with his hoary locks. Adieu to the ſmiling meads, the ſhady woods, and meanding ſtreams. The chilling ſire,

"*His robe a miſt, his voice a ſtorm,*"

reigned tremenduous over ravaged nature. It was now neceſſary to ſeek the town, that tumultuous ſcene, where all the paſſions ferment, and ſeem, with their impure breath, to taint the ambient air. I left, with regret, the rural walks, where ſix months had elapſed like a ſingle ſummer's day. In my journey, I ſtopped in the evening at an inn, in which I intended to ſleep. Seated near a large fire, and warming my benumbed hands, I perceived a young woman whoſe perſon was uncommonly attracting; with a ſimplicity in her dreſs that was ennobled by a certain undeſcribable elegance in her manner. She held in her arms a ſmall bundle which ſhe preſſed gently to her boſom. Scarcely was ſhe ſeated near me, when ſhe opened in, and I ſaw one of the moſt beautiful infants I had ever beheld. This ſcene, though natural and common, ſtruck me forcibly from the charms, the noblene ſs, and the dignity of the perſon that repreſen ted it. Reſpectful admirer of maternal tenderne ſs. I contemplated the picture, for ſome time, with ſilent pleaſure. I felt myſelf inſpired r ather by a tender intereſt than by a mere cu riority; and I ventured to enquire whence ſhe came, and whether ſhe had ſtill to proceed far wi th ſuch a burden.—"This is not a burden," anſ wered the lovely mother: 'My child is too dear to me to feel heavy in my arms; nor will they ceaſe to carry him, till I have the ſweet ſatisfaction of giving him to my huſband. I long for that happy moment. But if it be ſtill diſtant, courageous hope ſhall enable me to wait for it with fortitude.'—Theſe words, uttered with vehemence, excited the deſire of knowing more of her. I queſtioned her with that reſpect and delicacy, which the voice and air of rectitude inſpire. She anſwered me, at firſt, with heſitation; but in my manner of ſpeaking, perhaps, there was ſomething that inſenſibly engaged her confidence, for ſhe ſoon ſpoke to me with a charming frankneſs, tempered, however, by unaffected modeſty. "You will eaſily perceive," ſaid ſhe, "by my accent, that I am not of this province. I am a native of ****. I loſt my mother very early. When I arrived at that age in which every thing appears attractive, and in which vanity, perhaps, would whiſper, that I myſelf was ſo, I found a varity of eyes that ſeemed deſirous of fixing mine; and, among theſe were two to whom it became requiſite to give an anſwer. It was impoſſible to help it; for, in looking at them, I fancied I ſaw felicity ſparkling in them with a pure flame, which ſoon kindled one in my heart. We perfectly underſtood each other. Our hearts ſoon formed but one; and being obliged to conceal our mutual paſſion, it became but the more violent. My parents were in opulent circumſtances, but of a deſpotic temper. My lover was young, handſome, ſenſible, and virtuous; but his fortune was far inferior to mine; and, thus circumſtanced, it was impoſſible to expect the conſent of my parents. A rich man, without either perſonal accompliſhments or any good qualities, demanded me in marriage of my father, as one would cheapen a toy that happened to hit the fancy. This match appeared ſo advantageous, that my tears could procure me two days only to conſider of it. I conſulted my lover; and I ſaid to him, "I ſee that death can only free me from the orders of a father, who ſeems rather to thunder than to command. What is to be done?"—"Fly, (ſaid he) if you love me, flight is neceſſary. Other countries will afford us an aſylum againſt tyranny. GOD has given us hearts made for each other; and we will confide in his providence. Come: henceforth my arm muſt guide your ſteps, and protect you." His voice was endued with an irreſiſtable charm. Love lent us his wings, and his imprudence alſo. In our infatuation, we ſhould have been, I believe, to the very end of the world, if the want of money had not unexpectedly ſtopped us. We were aſtoniſhed:—We looked at each other; and already indebted in the place where you ſee me, we were not permitted to leave it. At the firſt town to which we came, after I had left my father's houſe, we were united in the tender bands of wedlock. I was by this time pregnant with the child which is ſo charming in your eyes and mine. What a ſituation for a mother, for a huſband! In this deplorable ſtate he recollected that he had an uncle of whoſe beneſice and humanity he had heard much praiſe.—He held a very lucrative poſt, not far from this country, "Canſt thou permit me, (ſaid he) to depart alone, in order to move this relation to ſuc-

cour us? for I shall die with shame and grief for the state to which I have reduced thee. The labour of my hands would now be insufficient. Remain here as an hostage, and fear nothing."—"Go, (said I, bedewing him with my tears) can I doubt a moment of your heart?"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

From the (Phila.) National Gazette.

Mrs Frenеau,

The following excellent production was written about 50 years ago: it has often been since reprinted in the Miscellanies of the day—but at the present awful crisis will appear with peculiar propriety. *Your's, &c.*

EUSEBIUS.

On SEEING *a* SCULL.

THIS preacher, silent yet severe,
Proclaims mortality to man;
Thou like this emblem shalt appear,
When time has measur'd out thy span.
Here once was fix'd the dimpled cheek,
And from his sallow naked crown,
The curling honours long and sleek,
Fell light and negligently down.
This part once fortified the brain,
The seat of sense in ages fled;
From whence might flow the raptur'd strain,
Or truths, by sacred science bred.
Here hung the lips that once cou'd smile,
And here were fix'd the orbs of light;—
Extinguish'd now, corrupt and vile,
Suffus'd in everlasting night.
Behold! the socket's empty space
Affrights the yet perceiving eye;
And spreads pale horror o'er the face
Of all that live, alas! to die.
Here yet remain, expos'd and bare,
By dust defil'd, of earthy hue,
Those teeth that age vouchsaf'd to spare,
A useless and a mould'ring few!
Gay friend, here hung the list'ning ear,
That fed the soul with sense, by sound;
Here the loquacious tongue, and here
The nose, on this distorted wound.
These all had converse with the soul,
Mysterious work of heav'nly skill;
Clay join'd to spirit form'd the whole,
And quicken'd dust obey'd the will.
God call'd the life he lent away,
The dust return'd from whence it came;
The spirit left the stiff'ning clay,
And death dissolv'd the wond'rous frame.
Be witty, mortal, bold and free,
Yet own thy knowledge centers here;
Ere long thy scalp, like this, shall be,
Not worth the sordid sexton's care.
This once, perhaps, a statesman's schemes
Of guilty wealth and power contain'd:
Where now are all his flattering dreams?
And *whose* the mighty sums he gain'd?
Perhaps some former *Garrick* bore
This scalp aloft with graceful pride,
Alas! his action charms no more,
That once new force to wit supply'd.
Perhaps, with cunning quibbles fill'd,
'Twas once a lawyer's—arch and dry:
To obviate every claim, tho' skill'd,
He paid one debt, decreed to die.
Perhaps some haughty Beauty's charms
Adorn'd this bone with white and red;—
No more the nymph the world alarms,
The lillies and the roses fled.
Perhaps a crown these temples bound,
Before it subject nations bow'd;
Now undistinguish'd, in the ground,
The beggar tramples on the proud.
What cause this mortal flesh to boast
Of transcient knowledge, wealth and pow'r?
The summons comes, our breath is lost,
And all is nothing in an hour.
All, all must pass the dreary road
To dust and silence, cold and gloom;
All rest in one obscure abode,
The dwelling of the world, a tomb.
O Thou whose gift of life I bestow
Yet more in virtue and in truth,
And lead me thro' this vale of woe,
The staff of age, the guide of youth:
Sustain me in the mortal hour,
For then 'tis thine alone to save;
And let me triumph in thy power,
A joyful victor o'er the grave.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrisson,

AS I sometimes peruse your Museum, I was much surprised to see in last Saturday's, a set of queries that were a discredit to it. I always supposed you a man of more liberal principles than to insert such scurrility. From their allusion to a recent trial, I suspect they were written by some simple, plodding Mechanic, that knows nothing of the world, and who thinks, because he is possessed of a comfortable living, an honest heart and lives in a land of freedom, he may ask what *impertinet* questions he thinks proper; But I assure you he is very much mistaken; there is, I am happy to perceive, a little distinction still, between the *well-born* and the plebeian. Else why was that respect shewn the *genteel* culprit at a late trial; instead of standing in the bar, was he not placed with his *equals*, those worthy and *very useful* members of society, the *Lawyers*?

His query, respecting the evidence of that *truly respectable* Lady and her *children*, I should have answered, had not the proceedings of Monday night last amply displayed the general opinion and solution of that question.

With respect to his last, I beg leave to answer it by asking him a few others: Pray what sort of a figure would our state make in the political world had we no lawyers in it? Where should we go for legislators?—Mr. Inquisitive will not pretend to say, that Mechanics, Merchants and Farmers are competent to the task?—Again, how would our Courts of Justice appear, deprived of their principal ornaments? How would our juries be able to comprehend the artless deposition of innocence, without their *aid*? And how come at the truth if they were not there to *confuse* and *browbeat* Modesty with *indelicate* and *home* questions? Let Mr. Inquisitive come forward and answer me these questions, and then perhaps I may ask him a few more.

ONE OF MOTHER CARY'S CHICKENS.

New-York, October 15th 1793.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE MAXIMONIAN, No. III.

IF your circumstances are narrow, do not visit nor eat and drink much *formally*: Persons in better circumstances than yourself particularly *avoid*; for you must "return the compliment," and they ever receive it with *long teeth*.

Hypocricy and Deceit do not only reach the conduct and conversation, as they are generally taken, towards God and Man; Our very dress and manner are strong points of them.

Therefore:—Who dress, walk, and affect what they are not, are deceitful—liars—hypocrites:

Wherefore, I say—If Fops and Coxcombs are not fools, they are liars, for they look like fools,—and hypocrites for affecting what they are not.

October 17.

THE *MEDLEY*.

An ORATION *upon* RUM.

In the stile of Doctor HARVEY.

RUM! thou art the quintessence of excellence, the assistant of nature, the enlivener of fancy, and the mother and author of great and glorious actions. When overcome with labour, or wearied with care, or vexed with ingratitude or dejected by misfortunes, I return home sad and solitary; mists of sorrow are upon my countenance, and the resemblance of the sleep of death hangeth upon my brow.—I call for the liquid of the limped fountain: I drink it, but it yields me no relief!—My heart is still heavy, my ideas are flat and watrish, and I am but at a small remove from the beast with four legs. Some happy change, some guardian angel, the friend of man, directs me to the sparkling flask!—I seize it with rapture and drink of it with ecstacy!—Immediately I call out, Why, O nature, wert thou so niggardly! why were not all thy springs, thy rivulets, thy rivers thy lakes, and even thy ocean replenished with this divine liquid, instead of the insipid element of which they now consist.

I drank again: I feel the strength of ten men, nothing too hazardous to execute. The journey of a hundred miles is contracted to a span of my hand, and the men of mighty bones are diminished to the contemptible size of grasshoppers. Rum! thou art also the support of heroism. The mind of supreme enginuity first placed thee in the plants that grow, and concealed thee from the undiscerning in the plump grains of the harvest. It was left to the men of latter ages to discover thee there, and accomodate thee to their own use and purposes.—While the ox or the horse travels on his tedious journey, it is indeed, with a heavy heart! He is nourished but not inspired; is fed, but not inebrated—how painful are the hours, how ungrateful is the road, how dull are the prospects!—But to man, who carries with him the jovial flask, it is nothing. Every object puts on the colour of gaity, and, by the assistance of this magic, every difficulty vanishes before him. Without this, our whole life would have been little better than a sort of cat sleep, a dream between slumbering and waking, a moment of animation not worth enjoying.

And yet, true happiness is only discoverable in the first moments of intoxication—I drink again, and am immediately degraded from the rank of a god to a condition far inferior to that of a beast. Such is the unaccountable nature of man. The moment he tasts of happiness it palls upon his appetite, and tells him, I am still to be sought for.

ANECDOTES.

A Clergyman attending a dying miser, discoursed much with him on the vanity of worldly wealth and among other things said, "You have been a great purchaser of temporal possessions; it is surely time now to think of a better purchase, even of heavenly treasures, which can never decay."—"Purchase!" replied the dying wretch, "I will give no more than fifteen years value for the purchase!

When the minister was preaching the funeral sermon for this man, he observed thus: "Brethren it is expected now, that I should say something of our brother here deceased: I will sum it up in few words, namely, how he lived—you all know—how he died I know—and where his soul is God Almighty knows!"

MR. PALMER, *seeing a man lying upon the ground, and another a top of him, beating the poor fellow; requested that the undermost might be permitted to get up.——Faith, says the fellow, if you had been at the same trouble that I have to get him down, you would keep him there.*

NEW-YORK, October 19.

ON Monday evening laſt, a number of perſons aſſembled in the Fields, and in conſequence of a tranſaction which recently took place in the houſe of Mrs. Cary, (alias Mother Cary) they proceeded to the ſtorming of this *Baſtile of Iniquity*, which was ſoon gutted of its contents, and entirely torn down, amidſt reiterated ſhouts of the patriotic and virtuous Mob:—And the furniture, beds, cloathing, &c. entirely deſtroyed: And Mother Cary and her *innocent Chickens* turned out to the inclemency of a midnight air:—

It ſaid three men were wounded from the fire of ſmall arms, by ſome perſons who were in the houſe for its defence. Several other houſes of the like repute, ſhared the ſame fate the next evening.

On the 9th inſt. the court of Oyer and Terminer in this city ended, when the following perſons received ſentance of death, in conſequence of previous conviction, viz.

George Blaſius for forging a deed; and John George Hobbolt and John William Hartenbook, for paſſing forged deeds, knowing them to be forged, *ſcienter*.

The firſt to be hanged the 4th and the two laſt to be hanged the 11th November next.

A London paper, ſtates, that on the 21ſt of July, the combined Engliſh and Spaniſh fleets, conſiſting of 71 ſail of the line, were then lying before Toulon.

By advices per laſt mail from Canada, as late as 29th September, we have confident intelligence that Gen. Galband had been ſtopt at the Fort of St. Johns, by Col. Gorden commander thereof, and impriſoned there until the Governor's pleaſure was known. [*Diary.*]

By Mr. Samuel Ogden, juſt arrived from Canada, we learn, that 5 days before he left Quebec, Lord Dorcheſter, ſuit and family, had arrived there—They left England 5th Auguſt.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated Thurſday the 17th inſt.

"I have it from unqueſtionable evidence, that the diſorder which has ſo long prevailed, has not only put on a much more favorable aſpect, but has decreaſed in its effects beyond what we could have expected.—We buried but two by the requeſt of the citizens, and ſent but two to the hoſpital yeſterday: Our uſual numbers have been about 16 burials, and from 30 to 40 admiſſions to the hoſpital per day.

"This day 9 o'clock, our carts are idle, and not any ſent out."

Philadelphia Oct. 16. We have the ſatisfaction of anouncing to the public, that for ſome days paſt the malignant fever has conſiderably abated. But ſince yeſterdays fall of rain, ſo viſible an alteration has come within our obſervation, that we feel it a pleaſing duty to calm the anxiety of our friends, in aſſuring them, that this day only three perſons have been preſented at the City-Hall, for removal to the Hoſpital, though it has been hitherto uſual for thirty or upwards to make daily application.

Martinſburgh, Oct. 7.—Tueſday evening laſt, a moſt cruel and ſavage murder was committed near Middle Creek in this county. One Thomas Violet, having through the courſe of the day been at variance with his ſon-in law, Leroy Violet, at the cloſe of the evening went deliberately to a neighbor's houſe, borrowed a rifle, loaded it with ſmall ſhot, and proceeded to the houſe of the latter, where he found the object of his revenge, his own wife, the wife of the unfortunate deceaſed, and three of his own ſons aſſembled in a ſmall room; but the preſence of thoſe, his neareſt relations, did not deter him from his premeditated murderous intention—he lifted up a ſmall window, preſented the rifle, and diſcharged its contents into the breaſt of Leroy Violet (who was not four feet from the muzzle) which inſtantly put a period to his exiſtence; the unfeeling monſter then entered the room, aſked if Leroy was dead, and being anſwered in the affirmative, retired to his own houſe, were he remained until near morning, and then abſconded. An inqueſt was held on the body of the deceaſed the day following, who gave their verdict WILFUL MURDER, committed by Thomas Violet.

Boſton, Oct. 10.—On Tueſday morning, about 8 o'clock, departed this life,

His Excellency JOHN HANCOCK, Eſq. Governor and Commander in Chief of this Commonwealth—aged 57 years.

The death of this illuſtrious Patriot and friend to mankind, is ſincerely lamented by the people of this Commonwealth; his fellow citizens; a numerous train of widows and orphans; together with a multitude of aged, poor, and indigent individuals, who daily partook of his liberal bounties. His loſs will be deplored by every friend to the cauſe of virtue, freedom, and humanity, throughout the world.

London, Aug. 20.—Letters from Paris, dated the 11th inſt. ſtate, that the Queen has undergone three different examinations, with an intripidity, a preſence of mind, and a preciſion in her anſwers, which ſtruck with amazement, and completely diſcomfited her judges.—Unable to find her guilty in any reſpect whatever, they have ordered her to be removed from the Conciergerie to a more decent place of confinement, and her cauſe is taken from the Revolutionary Tribunal, and referred to the committee of Public Welfare. We hear that a conſiderable party is endeavoring to ſave her life, while another, of no leſs conſequence, to uſe her only as an inſtrument to check the progreſs of the Auſtrians.

Two couriers are ſaid to have been ſent by the National Convention to the Prince of Cobourg, with a view of commencing a negociation concerning the Queen.

By theſe couriers it is aſſerted, that the National Convention has written word to the Prince of Cobourg, that if he ſhould advance further on the territory of the Republic, the Queen ſhould ſuffer an immediate death. The Prince is ſaid to have returned in anſwer, that he commanded a victorious army, enraged at the exceſſes committed by the Revolutioniſts, and determined to avenge them, and that if any attempt ſhould be made againſt the life of the Queen, no ſtone ſhould remain upon another at Paris.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Capt. Martin, of the ſhip Providence from Leith, in lat. 40, was boarded by the Britiſh frigate Boſton, on the 7th inſt. on a cruiſe ſteering to the ſouthward and eaſtward: And on the 11th he was boarded by the French Republic's ſhip Concorde, to the eaſtward of Montak point; the French Fleet were then in company; after which they continued their courſe in the track of the Boſton frigate.

On Monday laſt returned to this port, the French Sloop of War La Petarix; having ſprung a maſt.

Capt. Baley of the brig Julia, who arrived at New-London the 10th inſt. was boarded on his paſſage by a Spaniſh privateer, that had taken Capt. Chapman, in a brig from Haddam, with oxen; and a brig and ſloop from Philadelphia, laden with flour, bound to Port-au-Prince, and ſent them into St. Jago, in Cuba. A prize maſter of a Providence privateer, that afterwards boarded Capt. Baley, informed him that the Spaniards were not only taking all the American veſſels in their legal purſuits, but that they had taken two that the Providence cruiſers were in poſſeſſion of, one of which the informer was prize maſter of, which was carried into the aforeſaid port, where were 14 ſail of American veſſels when he left there, all carried in as prizes.

MARRIED

On Friday evening the 11th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Livingſton, the Marquis PREZEC, a young gentleman of family and fortune, to the amiable Miſs CATHARINE LIVINGSTON, eldeſt daughter of Col. Robert G. Livingſton, late of Rhinebeck.

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New-York, Oct. 19, 1793.

Part of a Houſe to Let,

In a healthy and central part of the city.—Enquire at this Office.

This Day is Publiſhed.

By T. & J. Swords, and for Sale at this Office,

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Among which are the following:

The PRACTICAL NAVIGATOR, and SEAMAN'S NEW DAILY ASSISTANT.

Lateſt London Edition.

SEAMENS JOURNALS.

Blank Books, Different Kinds.

Pocket Memorandum Books, Receipt Books, Copperplate Copy Books, beſt gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. beſt foolſcap do. common do. Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, Ink-Powder, Black Lead Pencils, Ink-Stands, Slates, Playing-Cards, &c. &c.

A great variety of new PLAYS and FARCES.

HUTCHIN's IMPROVED

ALMANACKS,

For 1794,

By the Groſs, Dozen, or Single, for Sale at this Office.

Court of Apollo.

LIFE *is* SHORT.

MAN's life, like any weaver's ſhuttle flies,
Or like a tender flow'ret fades and dies,
Or, like a race, it ends without delay,
Or, like a vapour, vaniſhes away,
Or, like a candle, in each moment waſtes,
Or, like a veſſel, under ſail it haſtes,
Or, like a poſt, it gallops very faſt,
Or, like the ſhadow of a cloud, 'tis paſt.
Our caſtles are but weak, and ſtrong the foe,
Our time's but ſhort, our death is certain too;
But, as this coming is a ſecret ſtill,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

AS there is nothing more uſeful or a greater perſonal ornament, than a clean full ſet of teeth; they deſerve the attention of every one; for which purpoſe,

J. Greenwood, Approved Surgeon Dentiſt,

WHOSE extenſive practice and improvements, enables him to perform, in the line of his profeſſion, cheap, that every one may be benefited.—He makes and fixes teeth from a ſingle one to a compleat whole ſet, and performs every neceſſary operation for the preſervation of the teeth; cleanſes and draws the teeth, cures the ſcurvy in the gums, if ever ſo bad, in ſo ſhort a time as to aſtoniſh the patient, and in ſuch a manner that it will not return.

N. B. Thoſe perſons who wiſh to have information concerning their teeth, and the poſſibility of fixing artificial ones, the price, &c. will be informed with pleaſure by the opperator, if either ſent for or applied to, at his houſe No. 10, Veſey ſtreet, oppoſite St. Paul's Church-Yard, a white corner houſe.

Mr. GREENWOOD's excellent ſpecific dentifrice powder, for cleaning the teeth, preſerving the gums and ſweetening the breath, 2/6 per box, or 24/. per dozen. Advice concerning the teeth given gratis.—A generous price for front teeth.

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarſe and fine, for the purpoſe of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with braſs heads, Plains of various ſorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or caſt iron, of any deſcription, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Alſo, a general aſſortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be diſpoſed of on reaſonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

S. LOYD,

Stay, Mantua-Maker and Milliner,

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that ſhe carries on the above buſineſs in all its branches, at No. 21, Great Dock-ſtreet.—She returns her moſt grateful acknowlegements to her friends and the public for paſt favors and hopes to merit a continuence of them.

Thoſe ladies who pleaſe to favor her with their commands, may depend on the utmoſt exertions to give ſatisfaction, and the loweſt terms.

Orders from town or country punctually obeyed.

July 20, 1793. 71—1y.

Mr. MACK,

Miniature Painter.

WHOSE performances have been ſo much admired, by the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts, returns his grateful thanks for the very liberal encouragement he has received ſince in this city, and begs a continuance of favors, which he hopes to merit, being ſo fortunate as never to fail taking the moſt ſtriking likeneſs of every ſubject he attempts.

New-York, Maiden Lane, No. 43.

Auguſt 3, 1793

TIMPSON and GILMOR,

Cabinet and Chair Makers, No. 18 *and* 19, *Great Dock-Street, between Coenties and Old-Slip, New-York,*

BEG leave to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have commenced buſineſs together, to carry on the Cabinet and Chair making buſineſs in all its various branches.

They take this method of returning their ſincere thanks to their friends and the public in general, for their generous, and hope for a further continuance of their favors, as they ſhall endeavor to meet their approbation.

They likewiſe carry on the Windſor Chair-Making in all its branches.

Orders from the Country will be carefully attended to and thankfully received.

N. B. Two or three Journeymen are wanted at the above buſineſs. None need apply but good workmen. *June* 29. 68

CASTELLI,

ITALIAN STAY MAKER,

Juſt returned from Charleſton, No. 71, *Broad-Way, oppoſite the City Tavern,*

RETURNS his ſincere thanks to the ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours by due attention, and the ſtricteſt punctuality. He continues to make all ſorts of ſtays, Italian ſhapes, French Corſet, Engliſh ſtays, Turn ſtays, Suckling ſtays, Riding ſtays and all ſorts of dreſſes, in the moſt elegant and neweſt faſhion. June 15. 66

PAINTING, GILDING and GLAZING.

No. 43, *Smith-Street.*

THE Subſcriber returns his thanks to his friends and the public for their generous encouragement in the line of his buſineſs.

SHIP and HOUSE PAINTING,
done with neatneſs and diſpatch.
Ornamental Painting, & Signs elegantly executed.

JOHN VANDER POOL.

TO BE LET OR SOLD,

A STORE on Farmer's wharf, built this Summer. Enquire of NATHANIEL NOTT, No. 8 Hague-ſtreet, or John A. Honſon, on the premiſes.—Alſo, a brick two ſtory Dwelling Houſe, wherein the ſubſcriber now lives, No. 8, Hague-ſtreet.

Sept. 14. NATHANIEL NOTT.

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different ſizes, made and ſold at No. 13, Crown-ſtreet, where Bakers, Grocers and others, may be ſupplied at ſhort notice, and on reaſonable terms for caſh. 1y.

April 20, 1793. WILLIAM CARGILL.

TWO APPRENTICES *wanted to the Taylering buſineſs that can be well recommended—Pleaſe to apply to the Printer.* 79tf

THE Subſcriber returns his ſincere thanks to his employers and the public for their generous patronage, and informs them, that he has *reſigned* his ſchool in Beekman-ſtreet, No. 6, to Mr. John Coffin, a gentleman of a liberal education, and good recommendations, both as to his moral character and qualifications as an inſtructor of youth—As ſuch he begs leave to introduce him to the patronage of the public.

Sept. 14. PETER HAWES.

MILLINARY.

MARY PRINCE,

No. 13 1-2, *William-ſtreet, New-York,*

HAVING procured the greateſt variety of bonnets, ſilks, vellum and other faſhionable ribbons, flatters herſelf ſhe has it now in her power of ſerving her cuſtomers with as elegant new-faſhioned bonnets as any perſon of her line in this city. She has now on hand the following variety.

The Union, Belvidier, Imperial Cottage, Queens Baſket, Queens Village, Engliſh, Scotch, Slouch, Old Ladies, Patterſon, Village, Cottage, and York Bonnets of the greateſt variety of colours and prices, Calaſhes, Cloaks, and Shades, covered Chip Hats, and Scotch Nett Caps, with a great variety of other articles in the above line too tedious to mention.

N. B. Being determined to decline the dry good buſineſs, a ſmall quantity remaining on hand will be diſpoſed of at prime coſt, or under.

Plumbing and Pewtering,

Carried on by

GEORGE YOULE,

AT No. 54, Water-Street, near Burling-Slip, Who executes at the ſhorteſt notice, all ſorts of Ship and Houſe plumbing.

N. B. Diſtilling Worms of all ſizes, made in the neateſt manner.

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

Imported in the Ship Belvidere from London.

Beſt London Superfine Broad Cloths,

VIZ.

NAVY BLUE,	Drabs,
do. different ſhades	Snuff,
Bottle and graſs green,	Claret,
Pearl, Lead,	Cinnamon,
Slate, Black,	London-Brown,

And a variety of very handſome Mixtures.

TRIMMINGS ſuitable for the above.

Caſſimeres of different colours twilled and plain
Do. ribbed, Veſt patterns of different kinds,
Silk Florentine of a ſuperior quality,

for ſale by

CALEB HAVILAND, TAYLOR.
No 13, *Golden Hill-ſtreet.*

Who returns his ſincere thanks to thoſe who have favoured him with their cuſtom; and now aſſures them and the public in general, that he is furniſhed with cloths and trimmings of a ſuperior quality, and is determined to ſell them at as reaſonable a rate as any perſon can afford in this city.

☞ JOURNEYMEN TAYLORS, who are maſters of the buſineſs, will meet with encouragement, apply as above. September 19.

WANTED, an Apprentice to a good trade, which inſures conſtant work, a lad of about 16 years of age, none but ſuch as can be well recommended will be taken. Apply to the Printer hereof. 75—

A YOUNG LAD WANTED,

IN a Retail Dry-Good Store. None need apply unleſs of reputable connexions, and good diſpoſition and character. Enquire at this Office.